

## THE CURSE OF INDIA

EAST, WHICH FIXES THE STATUS OF EVERY HINDOO.

No Man Can Rise From the Caste. However Unclean, in Which He Was Born—Neither Wealth Nor Success Affects the Caste of Any One.

In the fixed scale of descent in India some classes are merely inferior, while some are "unclean" or "untouchable," but from whatever class a man is born, in his life he has no escape but death. Children born in an "unclean" caste remain "unclean," children born in an inferior caste remain as their fathers were. Nothing that they can do can in the slightest degree change their situation. They were born "unclean," their ancestors were "unclean," their descendants will be "unclean" till the end of the chapter.

To give a few illustrations from many, a weaver is less "unclean" than a carpenter, a carpenter is above a house cleaner, a house cleaner is above a street cleaner, and a street cleaner is above a parish or no caste man. Every trade or occupation has its exact place, arbitrarily fixed, in the scale of degradation.

Above all the men that labor with their hands in whatever way are the tradesmen and shopkeepers, also with subdivisions into classes; above the tradesmen is the moneylender, and now almost idle warrior class; above the warriors is the Brahman or priestly class, and with these grand divisions the structure of the system is complete.

Wealth or material situation or success has nothing to do with the caste of any man. You may live for your coat or your Brahman of the poorest strain, who for weeks before you engaged him may have been on the verge of starvation. The meager beggar to whom you toss a coin in the road may be of a very high caste. The well fed groom, resplendent in gorgeous livery, flashing by on a carriage that covers the beggar with dust, is very likely of a caste a mile below the beggar. Time no more than effort can break down these walls of division. One of the wealthiest and most distinguished families in Calcutta, the famous Tagore family, lost caste about two centuries ago. Members of this family have received honor from the government, have conferred great benefits upon city and country and have been noted for their numerous charities and benefactions. One exerted himself all his life to further native education. Another helped to endow Calcutta university. All are enormously rich, and all bear enviable reputations for goodness, honesty and philanthropy. But the wall of caste has never fallen for them. They are still hated and avoided by their countrymen exactly as they were at the beginning of their exclusion. In the streets of Calcutta is many a ragged artisan that would not sit on the same bench with a Tagore or touch the end of his robe.

Pain, suffering, penury, even death itself, is nothing to the Hindu compared with the loss of caste. Many a Hindu that in the old days would fling nothing to the most despicable creatures quickly surrendered his secrets when threatened with something that would contaminate him—a piece of cowskin, perhaps, or a glass of water that had been touched by a person, in, I suppose, thousands of cases persons that have hopelessly lost their caste have abandoned their homes and wandered miserably along the roads until death overtook them. Thousands of others have thrown themselves into the Ganges or deliberately starved.

Three Brahman girls who had been degraded by a Mussulman went before a judge to demand vengeance and when the judge declined to interfere, killed themselves in the court room.

At a town called Bulga a widow lost caste by falling in love with a man beneath her. As loss of caste by one member of the family degrades the others also, her eldest son immediately swallowed poison and died, and his remaining brethren fled the country.

A husband shares a wife's degradation. A wife goes down the steps with a husband. For more than 100 years a Brahman family of Santipur has been outcaste because one member fell in love with the daughter of a shoemaker, Charles Edward Russell in Cosmopolitan Magazine.

**Pronunciation.** Here is a curious couplet which illustrates in one sentence the various values of the combination "ugh" and shows how strikingly inconsistent are the spelling and pronunciation of some English words. The lines may be supposed to be the words of an invalid who had a strong will and was determined to live in spite of his ailments. Though the tough cough and hiccough ploughed the thought, Yet o'er life's lough my course I will pursue.

**Hot and Cold.** Pete Persimmon—Yes, Ah reckon Ah am fated to be a bachelor. Ah lubed a gal once, but she threw cold wash on mah suit. Henry Ham—Well, dat's bettin den gettin mahled en hab'n' yo' wife throw hot wash on yo' suit. Dat's what mine does, ehry time I stay out after 10. —Chicago News.

**The Cause of Trouble.** She—I can understand why Lord Rustford wants a divorce. His wife had half a million when he married her. He—Yes, and she's got every penny of it still. That's the trouble. Pick Me Up.

Constant complaints never get any German Proverb.

## THE LAND OF ROMANCE.

Spain and the Peculiar Temperament of Its People.

If I were asked to sum up the dominant impression that the survival in Spain of the old world medievalism makes, I should say that Spain is in the precise and specific sense of the word the land of romance. The special character of the Spanish temperament, and of Spanish development in literature and in art is marked by a quality, rising and sinking with the rise and fall of Gothic, which we call the romantic spirit—a mixture, that is, of the mysterious and grandiose with the grotesquely bizarre of the soaring ideal with the crudely real, a mixture which to us today has the cunning fascination of art, but was really on both sides the natural outcome of the experiences and feelings of the men who created it. This romantic spirit was once the common possession of all Christendom, but the Spanish temperament peculiarly lent itself to the romantic attitude, and it is in Spain today that we may catch its final vanishing echoes. It is the church, always the stranger most vividly to realize how well the romantic spirit has been preserved in Spain. Notwithstanding invasions from without and revolutions from within, especially during the early years of the last century, Spain is still the country where the medieval spirit of romantic devotion is most splendidly embodied and preserved. —Havelock Ellis in Atlantic.

## THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

A Member May Drink There, but Is Not Allowed to Get Drunk.

The British house of commons has its own code in regard to the partaking of liquid and solid refreshments. A member making a long speech may take a drink, and the house is liberal enough not to care whether the color of the contents of the glass is white or brown or black, whether, in fact, the glass holds water or whisky or beer. Mr. Gladstone's egg flips, which his wife carefully compounded for him, and he brought to the house in a bottle, are classic.

But woe betide the man who scorns drink and must have meat. Contemporary recollection only recalls one member rash enough to disregard this rule. It was a number of years ago, in the stormy time of the home rule debates, that an Irish member, in the small hours of the morning, produced from his pocket a paper bag and drew out a bun, which he proceeded calmly to eat. The house was instantly in an uproar. There were loud cries of "Order! Order!" and that bun was never finished.

No member may read a newspaper in the house. If he had the temerity to smoke, the sergeant at arms would quickly place him under lock and key. —Appleton's Magazine.

## Mexican Church Legends.

Queretaro was a town before the Spanish conquest and was made a city in 1633. A legend of Queretaro is that an Otomite chief, Fernando de Tapia by name, undertook to convert the city to Christianity in a way that seems novel to us, but was common enough to his day. He came from Tula with a challenge to the people of Queretaro to a fair stand up fight. If he won, the people surviving were to be baptized. The challenge was accepted, but while the fight was in progress a dark cloud came up and the blessed Santiago was seen in the heavens with a fiery cross, whereupon the people of Queretaro gave up and were baptized. They set up a stone cross to commemorate the event on the site of the present church of Santa Cruz. There is scarcely a church in Mexico which has not a legend of this kind attached to it.

## Misjudged.

The manager of an office had advertised for an office boy. In consequence he was annoyed for an hour by a straggling line of boys of all sizes, claiming various accomplishments. "Well," he said to a late applicant, "I suppose you can read anything, and write anything, and figure a little, and use the typewriter a little, and—"

"Naw!" interrupted the boy. "If I could do all them things I'd strike yer fer yer own job. I ain't nothin' but an office boy."

He got the position.—Bohemian.

## Remedy For Excess in Eating.

A hint to those who may thoughtlessly at some time or other indulge in excess in eating. If this indiscretion is committed, especially in high seasoned things with rich sauces, a draft of cold water acidulated with lemon juice will take off the sense of weight at the stomach and assist the digestive process by moderating the alimentary fermentation.

## Old English Elections.

As an illustration of the violence that was once common during political campaigns in England is a quaint bill from a lawyer after an election at Andover in 1768: "To being throwt out of the George Inn, Andover, to my legs being thereby broken, to surgeon's bill and loss of time and business, £500."

## A Loophole.

"But, Tommy," said his mother, "didn't your conscience tell you you were doing wrong?" "Yes'm," replied Tommy, "but I don't believe everything I hear." —Philadelphia Press.

## The Purchasing Agent.

"Dad," asked Bobby, "what is a piggy?" "Go ask your mother," replied dad. "She spends the most money." —Harper's Weekly.

## A BOLD PROJECT.

The Scheme by Which Malet Nearly Captured Paris in 1812.

A bold scheme was that engineered by Malet, a Frenchman. Malet had been a republican general, was ruined by the rise of Napoleon, betook himself to plotting, was arrested and finally put in a madhouse. During the emperor's absence in Russia in 1812 Malet escaped one night from his prison, obtained a general's uniform and with an accomplice dressed as an aide-de-camp made his way to the prison of La Force, where the unsuspecting governor released on his command two other ex-republicans, Generals Laborde and Goudal, prisoners on a like charge to his own. Together they proceeded to a neighboring barracks, announced to the commandant that Napoleon was dead and that they were acting by the decree of the senate, ordered the troops to be paraded and dispatched bodies of men upon various duties. Some arrested Savary, the minister of police; others the police prefect. Another battalion seized the Hotel de Ville. Everybody obeyed Malet implicitly, even the prefect of the Seine, and he would undoubtedly have gained possession of Paris had he not been recognized by Laborde, chief of the military police, as an escaped prisoner. He was arrested after a scuffle, the plot was unraveled, and in due course Malet, with twenty-three of his abettors, was shot.

## HOW WATER ACTS.

Its Expansion and Contraction and Its Solvent Powers.

Water contracts as it falls from the normal boiling point, 212 degrees, until it reaches 39 degrees. Below that degree it expands, and at 32 degrees, the freezing point, it will expand enough to burst pipes and vessels holding it.

When the pressure of the air is below normal, water boils at a lower temperature than 212 degrees. This is noticed before a rain, when the barometer shows by a falling mercury a decreased air pressure. This also explains why water boils away more rapidly, quickly or at a lower temperature in the mountains, where the pressure of the air is less than on the seacoast or in the valleys. If sugar or salt is added to water, the temperature of the boiling point is raised a few degrees. As a rule, as water is heated it will hold a greater amount of a substance in solution. A familiar exception is the fact that ice water will dissolve twice as much lime as boiling water. At the other extreme boiling water will dissolve seventeen times as much saltpeter as will cold water. But water varies in its solvent powers regardless of heat. One pound of water will hold two pounds of sugar in solution, but only two ounces of common salt.

## Frankincense.

Frankincense is the purest of all incense. It is a gum resin from an Arabian treebark. To obtain this, a deep incision is made in the trunk and below it a narrow strip of bark peeled off. When the exudation has hardened, the incision is deepened. In about three months the resin has acquired a sufficient degree of consistency. It is gathered in large quantities and packed in goatskins. It was formerly believed that the trees which yielded frankincense were infested by winged serpents, and the only way to be rid of them and to get at the treasure was by burning gum styrax, an odoriferous balsam of aromatic smell. Frankincense was forbidden to be used for embalming, as it was sacred to sacrificial purposes. The Israelites were strictly prohibited from compounding it. Now it is used largely in Roman Catholic and high church ceremonies.

## The Lay of the Hen.

Investigation of the capacity of hens to lay eggs results in the discovery that the egg production of hens decreases considerably after the age of four years. Thus a hen lays at the age of one year about 20 eggs; at the age of two years, about 120; at the age of three years, about 135; at the age of four years, about 115; at the age of five years, about 80, and at the age of six years, about 60. These figures go to show that hens should never be kept in the poultry yard more than four years, for after the lapse of this time they do not yield a proper return on the food they consume.

## Great Value of Honey.

"Honey, one of the most nutritious and delicate of foods, should be eaten more than it is," writes a cooking expert. "Bought in the comb, it is bound to be unadulterated and will keep one free from sore throat and bronchial troubles. I know a number of ladies who use honey as a cosmetic. They apply it to the skin, rub it in well, then wash it off with hot water. The result is a finer complexion, a glowing color, a young, fresh look." —Birmingham Post.

## Reassured.

"Did you hear that noise? What can it be?" demanded the janitor of the fashionable apartment house. His wife went out into the hall and returned. "It was nothing but a rat," she said.

"Ah," sighed the janitor, greatly relieved, "I thought it was a child." —Bohemian.

## A Close Fourth.

"My wife thinks a good deal of me." "That's nice." "Yes; next to the baby and the poodle and the rubber plant I'm all to the mustard with her." —Louisville Courier-Journal.

I wish I was as sure of anything as Tom Macaulay is of everything.—Lord Melbourne.

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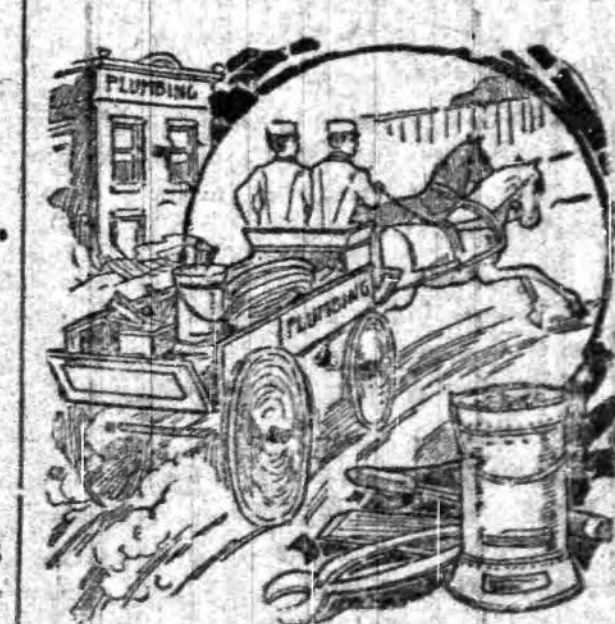
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